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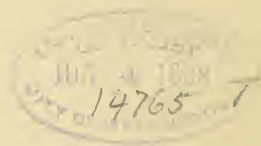
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SONG WAIFS

• • BY • •

33
LINDA M. DUVALL
"✓"



1. The name of the author is Linda M. Duvall.
2. The name of the publisher is S. S. Stevens.
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TO
General William G. F. Lee,

SON OF
GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE,
OF VIRGINIA,

THE GALLANT SOLDIER, THE NOBLE, TRUE-HEARTED GEN-
TLEMAN, THE WORTHY SON OF A
WORTHY FATHER,

THIS BOOK

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

WITH THE AUTHOR'S EARNEST HOPE THAT, IN SO DOING, ONE MORE LINK
— THOUGH SLIGHT — MAY BE ADDED TO THE CHAIN OF
FRIENDSHIP WHICH SHALL YET BIND
NORTH AND SOUTH
IN ONE.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES U. S.,

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 22, 1888.

MISS LINDA M. DUVAL:

Your very kind letter has been received, and your request is granted, with my acknowledgements of the compliment conferred.

Respectfully,

W. H. F. LEE.

• • PREFACE • •

"I would the gift I offer here
Might grace from thy favor take,
And, seen through Friendship's atmosphere
Of softened lines and coloring, wear
The unaccustomed light of beauty, for thy sake."

IN presenting to the public this, my first collection of Poems, many doubts and fears arise. These "SONG WAIFS"—though lacking the attire of the more stately, the more dainty poem—are, nevertheless, the children of my heart. As such, I cannot disown them; neither can I wholly disapprove.


Such as they are, may I not hope that in some friendly hearts they will find a welcome and a home?

THE AUTHOR.

DELAWARE, O., June 1, 1888.



• • M^AY • •

HROUGH the warm air, scent encumbered,
Swarms of butterflies ascend.
Far above, in snowy beauty,
Foam clouds lightly westward tend.
Violets crowd the wayside meadows,
Buttercups display their gold,
Blossoms burst where glad songs tremble, —
Spring's old story — never old.
(Heaven's sweets defy the mold.)

On the silvery, sea-bound river
Rests a mild and tender glow ;
Leafy banks throw answering shadows,
Sea gulls wave their wings of snow.
Orchards drop their tinted leaflets,
Golden bees seek golden flowers ;
All the world is bright with sunshine,
All the days bear golden hours —
Care-free, rose-hued fleeting hours.

Ah ! these scenes and songs and colors,
Richest fullness of delight,
Steal into the heart and charm it
Till its darkest rooms grow bright ;
Till the future's shadowy vistas
Close beneath love's trembling beams,
Long relinquished wishes blossom —
All the longed-for granted seems,
In this land of hope and dreams.

· · A SPRING BOUQUET · ·

FOR THE CHILDREN

SPRING violets blue
All wet with dew,
A tulip cup
Where faries sup,
Pink apple blooms,
Sweet lilac plumes,
Soft pussy willows gray.
Fair dandelion,
Too, brightly shine,
What flower so true
To Spring as you?
A wind flower frail,
A snow drop pale,
Doomed to soon fade away.

The May flower now
With snowy brow;
Then swaying bells,
Blue dainty bells,
Peal silently
Your melody,
A voiceless call to prayer!
Brave daffodil
Our cluster fill,
And graceful fern
Shy glances turn, —
Now, wealth of bloom,
Through all the room
Fling wide your fragrance rare!

Take these bright blossoms
I've gathered for you,
All glowing with beauty,
All glistening with dew.
Ere their rich fragrance
Shall wholly depart,
May this simple lesson
Sink deep in your heart.
Look up to heaven,
Dear children, for light,
As do these fair flowers
Through all the dark night.
And surely to you, as
To them, will descend
Glad sunshine, when day dawns,
Sweet dews at its end.

• • JUNE • •

THOU art crowned with the bloom of the year,
Green mosses lie cool at thy feet ;
On thy heart resting, treasured and dear,
Lies the rose for thy favor most meet.

Beneath the warm sun of thy glance,
A flower-flame leaps from the ground ;
I watch its enkindling advance,
It encircles the wide earth around.

From thy glance and its answering flame,
What child-flower most royal is born ?
Countless hearts softly whisper its name,
'Tis the rose, the warm rose, royal born.

O June, thou that lovest the rose,
Canst thou the sad secret impart
Why thorn-vexed the rose ever grows ?
Why wears it the hue of the heart ?


• • BITTER SWEET • •

One twining vine round stronger branches clasping,
Adorns full late the Autumn wood,
Whose scarlet sprays high hung above light grasping,
Beget to-day a pensive mood.

For in past Autumns, some one musing, straying
Among the crispèd leaves alone,
Thy brightness with the season's sorrow weighing,
Gave thee the name by which thou'rt known.

And every heart whose Summer time is ended,
Some blissful memory holds of hours replete
With songs and blossoms, all life's beauty blended.
Alas! that we must call these also Bitter-Sweet.

• • WINTRY SHADOWS • •

HROUGH the silent air
Falls the symbol fair
Of the Heavens' bitter grief;

For the music hushed,
The fair blossoms crushed,
And the faded, dying leaf.

The brown trees bend low,
O'er the silenced flow,
Of the river's merry song;

And their sadness mute
Is voiced by the lute
Of the wind, so loud and long;

That the forest sighs,
Making low replies,
In a trembling undertone.

The lament of the wood,
In its solitude,
Is the echo of my own.

Tender voices stilled,
By death's fingers chilled,
Sweet hope, a forgotten dream,

So in sorrow, deep
As the frozen sleep
Of the ice-bound, voiceless stream,

Lives my heart to-day,
'Neath the shadows gray,
Of a darkening wintry sky.

Yet in hidden guise,
From far Paradise,
Is the Healer passing by.

And this is the word,
In my longing heard,
Like sweetest melody,

"Through the cruel frost,
And the blossoms lost,
Comes the mantle of purity."

• • SNOW BLOOMS • •

FROM fields of bloom, storm-shaken,
From unseen meadows fair,
Float countless, pure snow-petals
On pinions of the air.

As by some sweet spirit prompted,
They fling their wealth of white,
O'er barren, brown earth-meadows
Once starred with blossoms bright.

Such dower of beauty showering,
That one could scarcely know
Which fairer were or dearer,
These flakes, or Summer's glow.

So through life's winter darkness,
Thy flakes of blessing rain,
A gleam of Summer bringing,
To cheer the heart again.

A silent sweet expresssion
From Mercy's bending sky —
Thy blessings and these snow-blooms,
O'er earth wide scattered lie.

• • MARCH • •

F AINT presage of the blossoming year,
With changeful days of gleam and gloom,
Uncertain storms and frowning skies,
And buried wealth of bloom.

Thro' the cold soil the crocus lifts
Its head serene, though winds are wild;
What hopes, what visions thou dost bring,
Spring's solitary child!

Within the woods a soft, clear note
Preludes the tender songs of love,
Sweet madrigals and canzonets —
The plainings of the dove.

Sad month, thou art to me the type
And emblem of this changeful life,
Whose days of sunshine alternate
With raging winds of strife.

Yet thro' the mold hope's blossom breaks,
And love its prescient scroll unrolls,
Portending Heaven's eternal Spring —
The Easter of our souls.



· · SONG · ·

If love were but a blossom,
 And fate the Summer sun,
How many lives would sever
At dawn of Winter weather,
With all their sweet enthrallment
 As yet but half begun,
If love were but a blossom,
 And fate the Summer sun !

If love were but the North Star,
 And I, a castaway,
Its calm benignant shining,
Into my heart repining
Would light my path to safety,
 Would grant me what I pray,
If love were but the North Star,
 And I, a castaway.

If you, love, were the daybreak,
 And I, a watcher wan,
Mine eyes should never slumber,
But aid my heart to number,
With glad expectant longing,
 The hours until the dawn,
If you, love, were the daybreak,
 And I, a watcher wan.

• • RECOMPENSE • •

ACK to the East returns the sun,
Though long and gloomy be the night;
All wings are turned, when day is done,
In homeward flight.


The waves with rapture touch the shore,
To which they said a long farewell;
The listening forests hear once more
The song bird's swell.

The tree receives again its crown
Of golden fruitage, singing leaves;
The fields but late so bare and brown
Are rich in sheaves.

The roving bee renews its pledge,
By Summer's rosy sweets beguiled;
June roses lean from out the hedge
Where winds blew wild.

O waiting hearts, O eyes that plead
Through the long winter of despair,
Shall ye not, too, find gracious meed,
In days more fair?

• • CLYTIE • •

NE wandering myth, from out dust-covered years,
Calls from my heart the tribute meet of tears;
It is thy story, maid of heart so true,
Whom fate denied Love's joyance, gave his rue.
My heart is saddened reading of thy quest —
Thou sunflower asking of thy god Love's rest,

Which grants he never. O thou generous heart,
Content to lose Love's guerdon, bear its smart;
Long art thou silent 'neath the dust-crowned years,
(Thy sleep is sweeter, doubtless, for thy tears),
Could'st thou but speak to us of mortal breath,
This boon I'd ask: was Love more sweet than Death?

· · SONG · ·



GENEVIEVE, my early love,
The years but make thee dearer far,
My heart shall never, never rove,
Thou art my only guiding star.
As falling dew to drooping flower,
As sunshine on the stormy sea,
Breaking through clouds which darkly lower,
So to my heart the thought of thee.

Fair Genevieve, the years are long
Since last thine eyes upon me shone,
Of all that move in beauty's throng
My heart is thine and thine alone.
For me the past has no regret,
Whate'er the years may bring to me
I bless the hour when first we met —
The hour that gave me love and thee.

Sweet Genevieve, my only love,
I wait and watch and weep alone,
'Till that glad hour when we above
Shall meet around the great white throne,
There heart to heart firm linked at last,
Through years unending shall we live,
We'll smile upon the troubled past,
No more to part, sweet Genevieve.

• • QUESTIONS & ANSWERS • •



Deep blue eyes of Heaven's own hue,
With your clear and earnest look,
Tell me what you saw to-day
Beside the brook?

Dark green woods and bright-winged birds
Were the sights I saw to-day,
Butterflies that idly float
Their time away.

Little fingers, white and pure
As the lily's crown of snow,
Tell me what you do all day,
Before I go?

Castles tall and grand we build
On our own dear nursery floor,
Pebbles gather from the spring,
Beside the door.

Golden head with tresses bright
As the lily's heart of gold,
Tell me what you dream of when
The day grows old?

Angels fair, with shining wings,
In my dreams I often see;
Sometimes, too, a sweet-voiced bird
Sings songs to me.

Ever may your star-like eyes
In the world such beauty see,
Hands be pure and dreams aye sweet
With purity.



• • | F • •

IF BABY birds sing in the tree-tops
Their sweet-noted, soft-warbled songs,
Making fuller and sweeter and richer
The charm which to Springtime belongs,



If little flowers brighten the meadows
If little leaves flutter and fling
Cool shadows along the hot roadside,
If butterflies heavenward take wing;

Why may not wee children throw brightness,
Why may not wee children bring
Their gifts to make richer the storehouse
To gladden the heart of the king?

TO A CLUMP OF VIOLETS

BLOOMING IN NOVEMBER

"THE sweet springtide has left our shores,"
I said one day, in bitter rue,
"And swept away in reflux flow
Our wealth of flower-cups filled with dew."

"And with it too, rare radiant morns,
And tender evening skies are fled ;
The days grow dark, the birds are flown —
O dreary, songless world!" I said.

Then through the long, November grass,
Thy blue-eyed blossoms caught my eyes;
Regret was lost in wonderment,
And bitter rue in glad surprise.

"Complaining heart," I said, "be still,
And smile at all the blasts of fate,
For faith may live, though hope be dead —
Since these sweet flowers bloom so late.

"What though the ebbing tide of years,
Bear youth and love beneath its flow ;
Though life be dark with loneliness,
Though joy be blighted, aye with woe.

"If stooping lowly thou may'st find
Meek faith abloom amid the sedge
Of tangled life-plans, hueless hopes —
The glow of Spring on Winter's edge."

• • WATER LILIES • •

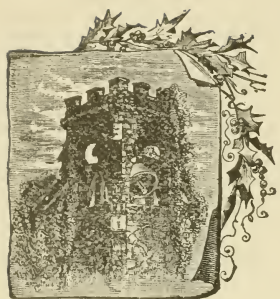
FAIR lily flowers, that sweetly blow
On waveless pool or lonely fen,
Ye are the fairest flowers, I trow,
Of all that bloom in marsh or glen !

The rose shall aye love's secret hold
In trembling ecstasy of bliss,
But your pure, fragrant lips enfold
A meaning deeper far than this :

The mystery of a spotless life,
Amid the silt and slime impearled ;
The stainless life with beauty rife,
Set in the fen-land of the world.

Teach me, sweet flowers, the secret rare,
Enwrapped within each golden heart,
For I, too, breathe earth's stifling air,
And in life's sorrows bear a part.

Ah ! starry eyes, that answer mine,
I read your meaning silently,
And in your upward look divine
That life is sweet if lived for Thee.



EASTER BELLS

THE darksome Winter days that hush our song birds
And strip our forests bare,
Would make all warmth and bloom but dream-words
But for the Springtime fair.

How sweet to hearts grown weary of the frost time,
The Spring's first violet,
How sweet to hear the swinging Easter bells chime,
And all past ills forget!

Blow on, sweet flowers in waving grasses hiding
Your timid, heaven-hued eyes,
Ring on, glad Easter bells, all sorrow chiding
Ring on, till thought shall rise

Beyond this bounded vale of snow and tempest,
Unto that lofty height,
Where skies are calm and deep the heart's rest,
Where Christ himself is light.

• • THANKSGIVING DAY • •

THE snow has chilled the rose, and happy birds
No more drop trembling songs from out the air ;
Where once the Spring wind's blossom-scented words
Breathed round us, sounds the Winter's icy blare.

The barren meadows mourn their verdure lost,
Gone is the wonted glow from hill and plain ;
Gaunt, leafless limbs are ever rudely tossed.
The troubled Heavens weep white flakes of pain.

Yet, on this day, reserved and set apart
For culling blessings from each Heaven-sent fate,
There fails not unto every faithful heart,
Though chilled, depressed and well-nigh desolate, —


This recompense, for which to lift the psalm —
The memory of spring-hued, happy days,
Whose cherished sweetness pours a wave of balm
Across life's thorn-vexed, care-encumbered ways.

If Spring may not endure but for a while,
If Summer woods must yield their crown of green,
Yet let us meet dark Winter with a smile ;
Let us be thankful that the spring has been.

Let us be thankful for the hope-song writ
On every buried germ and lonely tree :
“ He only fears the Winter who forgets that it
Is but the portal of the Spring to be.”

· · AT NIGHT · ·

“The calm majestic presence of the night.”

HE busy turmoil of the day,
Its sordid cares and toilsome ways,
Leave heart and mind oppressed,
And banish peace and rest.

When from behind the distant hills
A silver radiance floods and fills
The dreary depths of night,
With Heaven's divinest light.

As night distillèd dew to flowers,
Grown parched and pale thro' day's long hours,
So on our fevered souls,
The silver silence rolls.

A vision of eternal peace,
A prisoner's dream of sweet release,
Bright silvering all the past
With hopes of joy at last.

Thus steeped in silence's healing calm,
The soul drinks in down-dropping balm,
In cooling, copious flow,
As do the flowers that blow.

Farewell.

Farewell my love, my heart's adored—
And shall we never meet again?
The drops of heart's blood, rich-outsource
To barriers to years of pain?

It must be best, (since Heaven so wills)
That I should wander far from Thee
Should bear alone life's thousand ills,
God grant I bear them patiently.

It is the season when the rose
Droops and grows pale at Winter's breath,
But Love, behold yon stately tree,
In lovelier hues it welcomes death.


So let us part, though cheeks be wet
Though every feeling, thought rebel;
There is an heavenly Springtime. Let
This thought—illumine our last-farewell



Translations from the German.



THE APPORTIONMENT OF THE WORLD

ECEIVE the earth!" cried Zeus from out high
Heaven

To men below; "Receive and it shall be
To you in endless lease and tenure given;
I pray you share it brotherly."

A thousand eager hands stretch forth in gladness,
To share the first earth's beauty undefiled;
Fair fruitful fields relieve the toiler's sadness,
The huntsman seeks the forest wild.

The merchant fills his granaries with treasure,
The abbot chooses rare, old Rhenish wine,
The king strides up and down with secret pleasure,
And boasts: "The tithes of earth are mine."

Long afterward, from regions wierd, enchanted,
A sad-eyed poet came and sought his own;
And found of all earth's treasures granted,
That all were blest save he alone.

"Alas! shall I alone of all that love thee
Forgotten be, and I thy cherished son?"
Thus through the courts that cry rang loudly,
As he lay prostrate by Jove's throne.

"If thou hast wandered far in lands Elysian,"
Replied the god, "then plead with me no more;
Where wast thou, poet, at the world's division?"
"I was," he wept, "at Heaven's door."

“ My eyes were dazzled with divine completeness,
Angelic songs did waft sweet harmony ;
Athirst I drank of Heaven's o'erflowing sweetness,
O think on this, and pardon me.”

“ What can I do ? ” said Zeus, “ to console thee ? ”
The field, the wood, the mart, are no more mine ;
I'll fling my gold gates wide ope to receive thee,
Whene'er thou wilt, all Heaven is thine.”


Schiller.

· · | MURMUR NOT · ·

E'en tho' my heart should break, I murmur not,
My love forever lost ! I murmur not,
Thou art ablaze with costly diamond light,
No radiance falls into thy hearts's deep night.

Long, long ago a dream revealed to me
Thine inner soul-room black with misery.
I saw the serpent, that doth eat thy heart,
I saw, my love, how poor, heart poor thou art.

· · BY LOVE ENFOLDED · ·

ITHIN her chamber at close of day,
A mother watches the hours away ;
A gold-crowned blossom smiles on her breast.
On mother's bosom, how safe is rest !
She rocks and she sings till the day is gone :
“ By love enfolded—Sweet, slumber on ! ”

Within a mossy, cool forest nook,
Where glad leaves rustled, loud sang the brook ;
We sat together with cheeks close prest,
Ah, heart to heart, Love, how sweet is rest !
Thy song still doth linger though years are gone.
“ By love enfolded—Sweet, slumber on ! ”

Within the churchyard a funeral bell
Rings out the pilgrim's last, sad farewell ;
His hands are crossed on his quiet breast ;
In earth's calm bosom, how deep is rest !
The clods fall apace, soon all is done :
“ By love enfolded—so, slumber on ! ”

Scheurlin.

THE MOTHER'S EARS ARE DULL

WHO opens softly gate and door?
Who stands with lips apart?
It is the wandering son, returned
To cheer his mother's heart.
He steps within! She hears him not,
Close by the hearth she spins;
With greeting smile he comes more near,
And "mother, dear," begins.
And as he speaks, she lifts her eyes—
O strange and wondrous chance—
She is not deaf to those sweet words:
She hears him with her glance.
She throws her arms about him wide,
He creeps close to her breast;
She hears his warm heart beating nigh;
Her fears are all at rest.
And as she looks into his face,
So blest—though tears will rise—
I think she hears the angels sing
In far off Paradise.

Friedrich Halm.

MINE---THINE---THINE

A GLOWING world; 'tis morning time,
With laughter clear as silver chime,
A child voice sings; "All, all is mine!"
A blossoming world; 'tis sweet spring time
The maiden loves, her heart bells chime;
"Beloved! ah, that all were thine!"
A darkening world; 'tis even song time
A worn heart prays at vesper chime:
"Thou, Lord art good! all, all is Thine!"

Emma.

WHEN · TWO · FROM · EACH OTHER SEVER

WHEN two from each other sever,
They linger hand clasped in hand
With weeping and heart-moanings
And sighing without end.
But we did not lament, love,
We uttered not sighs nor tears,
But oh! the sighs and heart-pangs,
That filled the after years.

Heine.

THOU ART MY ALL IN ALL

Thou knowest well, thou art my all in all ;
Turn not those beauteous eyes away from me,
'Tis of my heart's love I would speak to thee,
O thou who art my all !

Thou knowest well, thou art my all in all ;
Ah ! look not on this flower with envious frown,
Which, early withered, swift the brook bears down
O thou who art my all !

Thou knowest well, thou art my all in all ;
Ah ! soon, I feel, wilt thou too cease to live,
And leave my heart in loneliness to grieve
For thee, its all in all.

Fischer.





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